

INT. A FANCY RESTAURANT , MID-DAY

A woman (mid-60s) taps the table impatiently.

Every few minutes, between sips of wine, she glances at the door - apparently waiting for the other party. Her face quickly shifts between anxious and annoyed.

Finally, another woman (mid-30s) enters the restaurant, out of breath, disheveled, wet, and bleeding from her nose.

The Maitre'd offers to take her coat, but she refuses, only accepting a napkins to stop her nose from bleeding.

The older woman watches this entire scene go down unblinkingly and unflinchingly - she's seen this before.

Finally the younger woman - CISSY, makes it the table.

CISSY

Mommy, I'm sorry I'm la-

CHARLOTTE

-you're late, as usual. And looking a mess...unfortunately ALSO as usual.

CISSY seems to deflate even further under her mother's critiques. It also seems to settle her, strangely enough. She finally removes her coat, and places her napkin across her lap...like the good girl she is.

CISSY attempts to straighten her clothing, but only succeeds in getting water all over the chair, table and floor around her.

CHARLOTTE hisses through her teeth.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Just settle down, will you? You know this is my favorite place - if you embarrass me so I can't show my face in here again, I'll never forgive you.

CISSY stops moving completely and just lets the blood and rain fall where it may shoulders slumped.

CHARLOTTE nods and sighs in approval and pulls a file from her bag.

CISSY

Mommy, uh mom - you promised we would keep it light today.

(MORE)

CISSY (cont'd)
 The therapist said we needed to
 concentrate on building basic rapport
 before we -

CHARLOTTE looks around the room in a panic.

CHARLOTTE
 You are *determined* to make me look
 bad in here, eh? Why would you
 mention -
 (whispering)
 therapy
 (regular voice again)
 - in public?!

CISSY just stares down at her empty plate.

The SERVER finally arrives at the table with a set of extra
 napkins for CISSY.

SERVER
 Good afternoon ladies, welcome back.
 Here you go, ma'am. I didn't realize
 it was raining outside...

CISSY takes the napkins, and smiles at the waiter.

CISSY
 Actually, it isn't raining. Funny
 story - I actually got this wet
 because...

CHARLOTTE
 - I *think* we'll be needing a few
 moments to decide on our order
 tonight, if you don't mind.

The SERVER looks back and forth a bit, finally nods and
 walks away.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 You know how I don't like
 interruptions.

CISSY shakes her head at the irony, then takes the file from
 the table and opens it.

Her eyes open wide when she sees what it is - a "LAST WILL
 AND TESTAMENT"

CISSY takes a few minutes to read the 1-sheet of paper, her
 eyes widening with every line.

CHARLOTTE stares unblinkingly at CISSY, but stays silent until she puts the folder back on the table.

The two women just stare silently across the table at each other for a beat - a lifetime of unspoken feelings being communicated.

The silence is finally broken by the server arriving

SERVER

Alrighty ladies - are we ready to order?

CISSY is still frozen in the stare, but without missing a beat, CHARLOTTE seems to magically transform with the arrival of the waiter to "charming CHARLOTTE"

CHARLOTTE

Why, yes! You must have read our minds. I think I'll have my usual - the lobster, and please bring a bottle of your best bubbly, will you? We're celebrating..

SERVER

Of course, ma'am

SERVER turns to CISSY

SERVER (cont'd)

...and for you?

CISSY manages to find her voice amidst the shock, and finally croaks out

CISSY

...a burger please...

The SERVER looks confused at the very different energies presented by the table guests, but nods and leaves anyway.

As soon as the SERVER is out of ear shot, CHARLOTTE starts in again.

CHARLOTTE

Don't just sit there like a bump on a log. Say what you've got to say.

CISSY

(holding back tears)

I...just - I can't believe you did it. You left EVERYTHING to Jeff? You've only known him for 5 years! How the hell -

The SERVER arrives with the bottle of bubbly, and CHARLOTTE shoots CISSY a look that immediately shuts her up.

SERVER

Here you go ladies - and what are we celebrating?

CHARLOTTE

(grinning
performatively)

We're celebrating closure, next steps, and doing what's best for the greater good - isn't that right darling?

CISSY - now also smiling emptily, just takes a glass and raises it ...her eyes still filled with tears.

CISSY

(whispering to
herself)

I'm wet and bloody because I fell when I got out of the cab, thanks for asking...

INT. CISSY'S APARTMENT

CISSY unlocks the door to her apartment and walks down the hallway. One wall is covered in an elaborate, gaudy wallpaper - the other wall is covered almost completely in pictures, with and without frames. In between the pictures and drawings made by her daughter - BENNIE (11) through the years. As the drawings rise in height, they also get more skillful and detailed. There's no question of BENNIE's talent .

CISSY enters her living room to BENNIE recording a video at the coffee table - full ring lights and umbrella set up, wearing a feather boa and drinking a JUMP! energy drink.

BENNIE

(wildly gesticulating)

I feel it already! It does make me want to jumo!

Loud music suddenly kicks in, and BENNIE begins dancing wildly about - falling into the tripod and knocking the phone over. Giggling, she calmly ended the recording and strolled over to CISSY

BENNIE (cont'd)

Wut it do, Ma Dukes? How was lunch with G-ma?